My disciples

by

Lars Larsen

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To Jesus the Nazorean

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Foreword

I dream of finding something on earth that Jesus appreciates but has lost, something that can almost be likened to Tintin finding King Ottokar's sceptre in the Tintin comic book "King Ottokar's sceptre", and handing over it to the king in the end of the book. Finding this, and handing over it to Jesus on the doomsday.

I think the best gift I have to give Jesus on the doomsday is the disciples I have found me on earth, people who appreciated and wanted to follow people like Jesus and me. That will be my sceptre to King Jesus. Handing over to him people that I have found who were lost to him, people I think he will love greatly.

This book is a presentation of my disciples, or candidates to being my disciples, and they are 14. I look forward with expectation and joy to the day I will hear what King Jesus thinks about them, if he will appreciate them like I have done.

Jesus wondered in the New Testament if he will find faith on earth when he returns. I have found some faith, this is the core of what I found.

Lars Larsen, Norrköping 16.3.2020

Every spiritual teacher has some disciples. Or many. I am a spiritual teacher, have been that since 2005. Who are my disciples, then? Must have been some, throughout all these years of public teaching on the internet and in lectures on libraries.

I now want to present to my readers some of those I think possibly could be candidates to being my disciples, although I do not think that they always recognize themselves as such. Okay, I do not want to force them to think of themselves as being my disciples, I now only want to speculate about who I think might be, or who **I would like being** my disciples.

Jesus had 12 close disciples. I think I have at least 14 candidates of people who could be my disciples. Here they are:

István Molnár:

Hungarian intellectual, novelist and poet, lives in Stockholm since his youth, has a doctoral degree in Theater science from Stockholm University from his youth, has for a long time been the spider in the web for the Swedish Poetry Slam-movement. Has retired from that task. He is retired from work altogether. He has published a novel, "Fjärilens tredje val", a sort of spiritual thriller (correct me if I'm wrong, I only read the beginning of it), on Ordfront Förlag (Ordfront Press), a very big and important publishing house in Stockholm. He got many and very good reviews, in famous

newspapers. But it is as a book poet and Poetry Slam scene poet (estradpoet) he has entered the minds of the intellectual world, mine too. A very good poet he is, indeed. He is an atheist, but yet a disciple of Simone Weil, the famous French Christian philosopher-mystic. As a naturalist-atheist, who don't believe in the afterlife, he is very spiritual.

István wrote the back cover presentation text to one of my most important books "Djurisk teologi. Paradisets återkomst" (Animalistic theology. The return of paradise), which was published on "Titel förlag" (Titel publisher) 2010, by Mats Barrdunge.

Mats Barrdunge:

Stockholmian philosopher, historian of ideas, artist and book publisher, the man who uttered that "space is stationary (stagnant, stillastående) time" and a lot of other original philosophical statements. He is soon going to retire from his work as a postman (brevbärare), and is a doctoral student in History of ideas at Stockholm University, researching the intellectual history of the Socialdemocrats (the ruling political party in Sweden today). He is very well versed in history, also in church history. In his youth he became a famous singer artist in the band "Ras 1", but was too controversial for becoming a famous person for the rest of his life, his fame declined with the years. He has published several philosophical works throughout the years, very original ones. I liked best his first, named "Anarkomysticismen"

(Anarchomysticism). He is also a poet, and wrote himself his songs for "Ras 1". According to the wellknown poet Andreas Björsten, Barrdunge was the first person to rap in Sweden.

It was Mats Barrdunge who published my book "Djurisk teologi. Paradisets återkomst" (Animalistic theology. The return of paradise, 2010) on his own little publisher.

Jacob Israel:

Finnish spiritual seeker, author and activist, famous in the Helsinki underground criminal world, was an important drug dealer once, because of that he sat 10 years in several prisons in Finland, among others in Helsinki. He is so famous in that world, that he was interviewed in the famous Finnish documentary "Paha poliisi" ("Evil police") about police corruption as some of the main persons interviewed in the documentary.

But God saved him in prison, and he became one of the most honest and brave and ardent spiritual seekers that I know of, and there is a rumour out there in Finland that no one has studied Holy Scriptures in Finland more ardently than him. His spiritual way went through Hinduism to Christianity, and he got a new name from the Lord, Jacob Israel. He is married to my sister Solveig, but they have now a pause in their relationship. That he got such a lovely woman as his bride, also baffled many people. Jacob Israel has written books (I heard some rumours that one of them was published by a famous

publising house in Helsinki) and is a good poet, too. He is in his late forties.

Måns Broo:

If Jacob Israel is the most ardent student of Holy Scriptures the Finnish criminal world knows about, then Måns Broo might be the most ardent student of Holy Scriptures the Finnish academic world knows about. The most learned one. I do not know a more exegetically learned man than Måns Broo (who knows Sanskrit better than many famous theologians know Greek). But the problem is that his expertise is Hindu Holy Scriptures, not Christian, and with that you don't become very famous in Finland or in the West. The alternative spiritual world recognizes you, though.

Måns Broo has a doctoral degree in Comparative Religion (Religionsvetenskap) at Åbo Akademi University in Turku/Åbo, and has been senior lecturer (docent) and adjunct (assistant) professor there since 2009. He is so learned that he might very well become professor one day. Just look at his published books list at his Wikipedia-article that i linked to.

Måns is pretty well-known in the New Age world in Finland, through having been, for a long time, editor of the Finnish Yoga-journal Ananda. He is a practicing Hindu himself, and has been a member of the Hare Krishna-movement, but has left it. Hare Krishna monks

are usually very learned in Hindu exegesis, and that may explain Måns Broo's rapid progress in the Academia.

I attended one of his lectures in Comparative Religion during my study years at the theological faculty of Åbo Akademi University.

Marcus Beijar Mellin

I have written a lot about Marcus (also called "Marcus Mahdi" by me), because he is somehow my spiritual twin. It's difficult to deny, because we have so many similarities that it's easy to laugh. The similarities go into details. People have also mistaken Marcus for me. Maybe the other way around, too.

But I want to add some important facts about Marcus that I haven't mentioned before: Marcus is maybe one or two years younger than me, and is a Swedish Sufi Muslim intellectual, poet, novelist and troubadour. One of the most interesting Muslim intellectuals in Sweden today, I have said it before.

What makes Marcus so interesting? Yes, it is the fact that he speaks like he thinks, which was Swedenborg's description of how angels speak in heaven. Marcus is the most honest and outspoken man I know of, a lot of "frogs" (a Swedish expression for involuntary freudian lapses or revelations) come out of his mouth all the time (watch out for "toads" (paddor), the biblical expression for freudian lie lapses that reveal the lier's lies and his

inner hell. I have never heard a toad from Marcus). This has made me wonder if Marcus is some kind of Islamic messiah-figure, like that of the prophecied "Mahdi", the "twelfth imam", just like I am more of a Christian messiah-figure, albeit muslim, too. That's why I call Marcus "Marcus Mahdi". He recognizes what I think about him, and do not oppose it. He is very messianically alert and conscious, a doomsday poet-prophet like me, and has always some strange revelations to tell.

Marcus is of course persecuted horribly by psychiatry, just like me, and I have to say that he is not more mad than I. He has the same diagnosis as me, and that's one of the reasons it's so fun to meet him and talk with him, that's one of the reasons I consider him as my spiritual twin. I consider my and Marcus' type of schizophrenia as a "holy schizophrenia" (a little like "holy foolishness"), something you will learn more about in the heavenly Academia, in the theological subject "Christian psychiatry", that is taught there. If you think I and Marcus are mad, please read our core writings and then come with your comments, after that.

A funny likeness between me and Marcus is that we are both poets and novelists, both troubadours, both muslims, initiated in the same Sufi order (Naqshbandi), have both had much older womans as our girlfriends, we look similar in the face and in our bodies, have both had some trouble with drugs, have both been microchipped by the governments (I thought so of me before, it is probably a psychosis, but the chipping of Marcus was for real), we both talk with angels through, among other things,

making "spiritual radioprograms" to them, we both publish our books ourselves, are both bloggers, are both influenced by New Age and buddhism in some strange ways, are both silenced to oblivion by the establishment and our friends, are both a part of the Stockholmian underground intellectual world around "Tisdagsgruppen", the Saturday evening discussions at "Eddies loppis" in Gamla Stan, Fredrik Vesterberg, Jocke, Einar, the radical underground Right (radicalconservatives), conspiracy theorists, and so on, just to mention a few groups and persons in this very rich and sprawling and multifaceted Stockholmian intellectual underground world, which also is the world that reads my blog most. The establishment ignores me as an intellectual flea, just like they do with Marcus.

Josef Ask

Of all my friends and "disciples" (or, let's say for clarity's sake, people who like my teachings especially much), I love Josef Ask most, although we have never met each other, just chatted very much on Facebook. In fact I want to meet him, and I wonder if he could write his adress, which I cannot reach now, to me on my emailadress, msafig1(at)gmail.com. If he does not read this, please, say this to him somehow (he is on Facebook under his real name), say to him to read this.

Josef is in his forties, a Swedenborgian intellectual, one of the most ardent readers of Swedenborg I've ever met. He knows a lot here. He is very educated, also in secular

literature. I have also a strong Swedenborgian vein, my interest in him began very early, and my thoughts about the Spirit World are very Swedenborgian. That's why I appreciate Josef so much. Josef is a philosopher-prophet a little in the same way as Swedenborg was. And he writes a lot, on Facebook. Everything he writes is like profound aphorisms, which takes time to read and digest. It's food for spiritual adults.

But this is not the most important. Josef and I have the same psychiatric diagnosis, and that's because Josef also has a "messianic call", or at least had it once. That's like swearing in the church for psychiatry, to have a messianic call, to be a "little messiah" beside Jesus the Messiah (originally the word "Christian" meant "Little Christ", "Little Messiah" in Greek). Josef is open about this on Facebook, so it is not forbidden for me to mention it here. About twenty years ago, a frightening drama took place in Norrköping around Josef, because of his messianic awakening, and he was tortured by psychiatry for it (psychiatry is like a Herod the Great or a Sauron in this area). Ever since he has been forced to take poisonous psychiatric drugs, just like me. But, fortunately, his drugs have not killed his romantic feelings, like they have done to me, but that is because I get the most "effective" (it actually means the most dangerous) neuroleptic of all, Zyprexa, and he gets a much more milder drug.

Josef was scared by psychiatry to silence, to withdraw from his messianic task (something he did according to himself), a fact that creates sorrow and regret in him today. He thinks he lost his brightest glory as a follower

of Christ. He was divine, and now he is only heavenly. So he says. I can confirm that he is still heavenly, a real prophet and a deep philosopher, but I cannot say too much about what his former glory was, or if it was bigger than his present glory. I can only refer to Josef's own words. I know too little here.

Joseph is one of those psychiatric martyrs, who will get their martyr crown on the doomsday. But still he has some darkness in him sometimes that makes me think that he has not yet reached what Jesus reached, the Resurrection World. But he is very like Jesus, and his face is sometimes shining like an angel's face. He is also one of the most honest persons I've met, almost beating Marcus Mahdi, and that's why it is so interesting to chat with him, the most interesting person on Facebook to chat with. But he is broken by psychiatry, a martyr soul. If he does not reach the First Resurrection, he will certainly enter the heavenly world in Hades at death, and get a good salary there, a high position, just like Swedenborg did.

Helena Leijd

The pretty wellknown poet and journalist Helena Leijd (read some of her poetry here) is known to some of you who read my former blog "Towards a new romanticism", where I in an article sharply criticized the wellknown poet Andreas Björsten's handling of Helena Leijd's poems and her soul. Here is some additional biographical facts (the article in question is lost forever) about Helena:

Helena is one of those Stockholmian underground poets who are pretty wellknown (Andreas Björsten is another such) to people but almost never mentioned by the establishment. Or yes, she is in fact mentioned somewhere, and that in very status-rich circumstances, namely some of her poems are used in educational material at schools; I think, if I remember it rightly, they appear at least in a high school textbook. That is a very high level of status to reach. I could just dream of something like that. And it baffles people, they can't believe it, Helena likes to mention it. Probably people are jealous. I grant her that honour. She is worth it. In fact she is listed in this list by me as the third best contemporary poet in Sweden, and then I think of her best poems, which are extraordinary. She is a true romantic poet, but is classical in her simplicity. She writes like the old time poets, not obscurely, but simply and clearly, where the poeticality of the content, not the form, is the important thing. Where one do not try do impress the reader in any way, by some pretended "profundity" or superintellectualism. Few poets are able to manage that today, almost all are swept along the rest by insane poetics. The poetics of obscurantism and darkness. But not Helena. She is pure as a child in her poems.

Helena has been recognized for this by society, and has gotten some stipends from the government, been editor for several literary magazines, and have been published by Andreas Björsten in a little booklet, where he

recognizes her as some of the great romantic poets of contemporary Sweden. Andreas is a very good literary critic, with a trained taste, so that says a lot. But it was this booklet and the selection of poems that arose my criticism in that mentioned article. Many of Helena's best poems were not included there, her classical pearls, loved by many. Andreas should have known better. The tragedy was that this was Helena's only published collection of poetry hitherto.

Helena is clairvoyant, and very outspoken and honest. She is like a innocent girl, without shame. She has of course been persecuted by psychiatry, just like many great clairvoyant poets have been (think about Gustaf Fröding or Hölderlin), too good for this cruel world, and is now a broken soul, broken by psychiatry and medications, a martyr of psychiatry. Andreas Björsten has contributed to her brokenness, and this caused a part of my rage. Andreas, who almost never write about Helena in his literary critic call, has contributed to the fact that Helena is almost never mentioned by the literaty establishment. The same pertains to me. Andreas is the doorkeper to the establishment for many of us good unknown romantic poets, and I think he knows about that (his blogposts on Den Blinde Argus are often read by people from the establishment), and it makes him feel powerful, having our fate in his hands. He is more famous than he want to acknowledge, the most famous poet of the Romantic Society (Romantiska Förbundet, a literary society, to which I also belong).

Helena Leijd have been a pillar in the Romantic Society, with many commitments, and has for many years been one of the editors of their magazine Aurora. That is a pretty status-rich position, because the Romantic Society has status, believe it or not. Just think of the fact that Susanna Åkerman, almost the inofficial leader of international Swedenborgianism, is one of the pillars there. The Romantic Society is, just as Björsten, more status-rich than people want to acknowledge. Many power struggles have been waged there. I know a lot here.

Jannika Häggström

Jannika Häggström is a somewhat parallel phenomena to Helena Leijd in the area of troubadour folk songs (visor). She is, by some experts, for example me, acknowledged as playing in ha high league in this area, say, in the league of Olle Adolphson, Povel Ramel and Evert Taube, but the establishment is strangely silent about her. She is not the type of woman who elbows her way into the parnassus, she has an incredibly strong integrity. She is more like an underground phenomena in Stockholm, loved by many, but despised by the power hungry.

I'm also a troubadour and maker of folk songs, strangely enough, so I should know something here. And I have to

say, that in folk song humour she is almost as good as Olle Adolphson.

Jannika was my first loose girlfriend, somehow, the one I first made love with, experimenting a little, but our strange relationship lasted only for a few weeks. It was in the spring 2006, when I began living as a homeless and vagabond in Stockholm. I think Jannika fell in love with me more than I with her, because she wanted me to stay at her flat in Stockholm, but I couldn't. But she wrote to me once and said that I was one of the most beautiful human beings she had met in her life. I'm thankful for that. I also have to reply here and say that Jannika is one of the strongest and bravest women I've met in my life, one of those with strongest integrity, like a dandelion child, unspoiled by the world, pure in soul and thoughts, and often with a big smile deep from her heart that I have seldom encountered. Yes, I have seldom encountered such a happy woman as Jannika, she sometimes, yes often, shines of joy. And it's an innocent, genuine joy, it's easy to notice. And it has spiritual fountains. She is a Christian, and has troubadoured a lot in churches. In fact we met each other for the first time on a longer course on a Bible school, the baptist Betel Bible School in Bromma, Stockholm, 2005, where Christians and New Age-people gathered to try to understand each other, building bridges between each other. There was a liberal (in the good sense) and free, tolerant spirit there, and Jannikas spirituality was somehow in this spirit. She is not a fundamentalist, not at all, she is a poet and mystic in her

spirituality. And an environmental activist, very fond of Saint Francis of Assisi. She in fact wanted to live like him in our time, buying a camper van and living there full time, traveling the world doing good deeds in the spirit of Saint Francis, massaging and troubadouring and helping old people. Yes, speaking of massaging, Jannika is professional, I think she has gone some course here, but I have never been massaged with so much love and warmth and tenderness as I have by Jannika, she is a master massager, and I have other things to compare it with. Being able to massage well is a good spiritual school, if you are good at it, you are probably spiritual and empathic, it requires everything in you, especially an ability to feel with your hands and heart what makes your client's body happy. It is an art form as requiring as psychotherapy.

Jannika has something in her being that I would call female chivalry (ridderlighet), an oldfashioned sense of social codes that most young people today has lost through the degenerating effects of smartphones and the internet, especially the social media culture. Jannika has something of the old farmer morality who can detect social degeneration in people. Things like greed and inhospitality and other typical sins of our time. This is exceptional in our time, all are swept along with the rest in the insane monster social media culture, where you live in your own bubble, indifferent to your neighbour and his/her needs. Indifferent to old people (here Jannika is extremely chivalrous, she has worked a lot in elderly

care, and written a book about her experiences that you can find at libraries in Stockholm), to sick people, to your parents, to social codes other than those in Hollywood movies and on the social media. Indifferent to simply everything other than your own bubble. It's called the great apostasy in the Bible. Jannika sees these thing clearly, very clearly.

Patrik Schylström

As I have said before, I have always wanted to live in libraries, big libraries with a lot of old spiritual books. And truly libraries have also been my second homes during my 14 years of homelessness. A lot of relations with librarians have been tied. Who is my favourite librarian? I think it must be a librarian at my favourite library, the library with most old books in the open section for us visitors to see and read the books, i.e. old books that are not in the magazines, as they usually are. And that library is Stockholm Stadsbibliotek, the main city library in Stockholm. A meeting place, a holy place. I have been there incredibly much. There is two librarians there whom I like very much, Anders (I do not know his last name) and Patrik Schylström (there are images of him in the link, the three first portray him). Patrik I love so much that I wrote a handwritten collection of poetry with some of my best poems, illustrated it, and gave it to him as a gift, with thanks for his contribution to the library. He was of course very fond of it.

Patrik is the archetype of a good librarian: a warm, emphatic human being with a broad and deep humanistic education, so that he/she can lead debates and make good introductions to different kinds of literary and cultural events that are taking place in the library, a thing Stockholm Stadsbibliotek is very good at and very active with. Not very much has been discussed between him and me, we change some words when we meet, at most. And we meet often. But we somehow socialize even though we do not speak, the presence is enough for a friendship to develop. So it is with most librarians I know of. We very seldom talk.

But the sympathy is mutual here, and I think that it must be the influence of Patrik Schylström and Anders that have been the reason why one of my most important published books, "Animalistic theology. The return of paradise" (Swedish: Djurisk teologi. Paradisets återkomst. Titel förlag 2010), has stayed in the shelves of theology (dogmatics) at the department with religious books at Stockholm Stadsbibliotek, for ten long years now, even though the book has not been borrowed a lot. Such books are usually finally put in the magazines in the cellars, but not my book. And what's more, my and my ex-girlfriend Titti Spaltro's common collection of poetry "The return of Nature" (Naturens återkomst, Fri Press förlag 2018), has been put into a special room with selected reference collections of poetry* (you are not allowed to borrow these books, just read them on the

spot), mostly newly published poetry, which is an honour, there is some status tied to it.

I'm despised in Sweden at large, in all establishments, but not in the Stockholm City library, where I'm a pretty wellknown figure among those who visit that library often. And I think my status there must have at least something to do with the influence of Anders and Patrik Schylström.

* they do that because in Sweden we have an old tradition of viewing poetry as the finest literature, that with most status

Einar

I have never presented Einar to you before, he is a bit shy and do not like that I reveal him too much to my readers. Einar, if you read this and want to be anonymous, please mail me about it. But I shall not say anything dangerous or dismissive.

Einar is one of those guardian angels I have had here on earth, and a part of the reason for that, may be that his grandfather's brother David Petander, the famous "wandering priest", is one of my favourite saints. The world is small, Sweden is small. But it was the will of destiny that Einar and I met once on Drottninggatan on "the worlds longest booktable",and I invited him to on

one of my lectures about the national romanticists of Sweden at Skarpnäck's library 2007 (Skarpnäck is a Stockholmian suburb, and my hometown for many years). I remember Einar's enthusiasm over the subject, a romantic intellectual as he is himself, and he even contributed to the lecture after my talk, with a short own public talk.

Einar is classically educated, a historian of ideas from Uppsala University, and is a postgraduate student of Comparative Religion at Åbo Akademi University, my university, he has been that for a long time, but he has paused his studies. Einar's education is broad, and I remember how I couldn't understand that he read the philosopher Herbert Spencer for his doctoral dissertation about the Theosophical movement in Sweden (correct me if I'm wrong on this one). But apparently the connections are wide here. I thought Einar wasted his time with Herbert Spencer, but probably I don't know how thorough postgraduate students are in their research work for their dissertations, at least at Åbo Akademi University.

If I would classify Einar as an intellectual, I would say that he belongs to the radicalconservative movement among Swedish intellectuals, to which I also belong myself, people who mostly read old books, people who are fluent in old swedish (gammalsvenska) and can understand that language without problems. Einar mostly reads old books, and the old time Theosophical movement has become his main research interest. Even there we are quite similar, because my knowledge about

the history of alternative spirituality, especially New Age-spirituality and its precursors - Spiritualism, Theosophy, Anthroposophy, old time Theosophy (people like Swedenborg and Böhme) and Christian mysticism, is simply enormous, it's maybe my speciality in the area of church history. I reckon myself as a church historian, primarily, by now.

If Einar is a disciple of anybody, it might be of the famous Swedish platonic-Christian philosopher-mystic Pontus Wikner (1837-1888), whom he likes to mention and recommend, and he shares this love with me, for whom Wikner was an intellectual love affair in my teens. Einar tried to rescue me from my naturalistic atheism once through recommending one of Wikner's books to me. I had not the power to read that book, I was too immersed in atheism.

Another of Einar's gurus that he likes to talk about, is the lutheran priest and mystic Fritz Olofsson, called a "fool of Christ" in the Lutheran church. Yes, he was a real holy fool, and I love him too, and have been influenced by him.

Einar has been one of those in my life who has invited me home most often of all I know. I have really loved and appreciated his parties and the other intellectuals he always invites to these parties. It was during a long, sleepless night at Einar's flat that I was filled with the Holy Spirit so that I regained my belief in the afterlife. It

was in the spring 2018. A very dramatic happening, with dangerous effects.

But Einar's most noble deed towards me must be that he rescued me from Spain during a deep Jesus-psychosis of mine where I became so sick and weak that I could not feed myself any longer and tried several times to escape to the wilderness outside of Granada, never to return any more, planning to starve myself to death. Einar understood the severity of the situation, one of the only ones who took it seriously on Facebook (where almost no one are serious any longer, or take anything seriously, so it feels like), and he managed to come in time to Granada with aeroplane and send me with aeroplane from Malaga to my brother Erik in Norway. The rescue operation was excellent, and I'm forever thankful to Einar for this. As I said, he has been sort of a guardian angel to me, and has also tried to stop other suicide attempts by me, desperately and full of friendly love.

Carl Uhnbom

Carl Uhnbom is a very strange phenomenon in Swedish poetry. If Walter Dan Axelsson has the best single poem of all my poet friends, Carl Uhnbom, a veteran poet, too, has the greatest amount of the best poems of all my poet friends. All his poems keep a very high standard, it is almost like hearing Stagnelius in our time. He is the most romantic of all my poet friends, and this is incredible, how he has kept the spirit of Stagnelius and

the romantics of the nineteenth century, almost intact in himself and his poetry. How to describe this spirit? Let me say it this way; it is the out-of-fashion countryside warmth and cosyness and etheric platonic longing and dreaminess that characterized the Antiquity and the countryside up to the end of the nineteenth century. Something of the spirit in the warmest songs of Olle Adolphson, one of Sweden's greatest troubadours, songs like "Sigge Skoog".

Carl Uhnbom has kept that spirit, and it is incredible. It is a miracle. How is it possible? And how can anything like that go unnoticed in the literary world? Because, like Walter, Carl is virtually unknown in the media and the establishment. He is an underground poet, just like me and Walter.

I, Susanna Åkerman (virtually the inofficial leader of Swedenborgianism in Sweden and one of the leaders of the Romantic Society,
Romantiska Förbundet) and several others in the underground world, acknowledge Carl as the best contemporary Swedish poet. He is better than Walter because he keeps such a high quality in all his poems, and the feelings in his poems are more pure and oldfashioned in the beautiful, good way. But he is also one of those martyrs of psychiatry, one of those who has been persecuted by psychiatry for his pure, original soul, which gives his work a stamp of nobility.

Carl has a background as an academic philosopher and psychologist from Stockholm University, but he has

never told me about his merits there, if he has some degrees from there. But he is more like a philosopher than a psychologist. He is a philosopher of the romantic school, reminding of the romantic philosophers of the early nineteenth century. People like Schelling, the Schlegel brothers and Schiller.

Carl often attends the events of the Swedenborgian library (a big specialist library with Swedenborgian literature) in Stockholm, and likes to talk with the Swedenborgian pastor Andrei Vashestov, who is also a sort of philosopher, with broad humanistic education. Carl's spirituality is deeply affected by Swedenborgianism, because of this. He believes in the Spirit World and has been a member of the lovely Hare Krishna movement, but not any more. Many of Sweden's greatest authors, people like Almqvist, Strindberg and Ekelund, were influenced by Swedenborgianism. So Carl is not alone in this.

Carl has as a philosopher primarily written his thoughts down in the form of aphorisms, deep and brilliant such, very poetical, more poetical than those of Vilhelm Ekelund, another Swedenborg-disciple who was an aphorist.

Carl has not published anything, only read his poems publicly in many poetry recitation events around in Stockholm, usually small ones, for example in the radioprograms of Radio Totalnormal. I have an own publisher ("The Delta journal's publisher", "Tidskriften Deltas förlag") where I have published two collections of

poetry, and my plan has been for a time, to publish a collection of Carl's best poems as the first book I want to publish in the future, if I get that opportunity. I think it's too late now with the coronavirus.

I and Carl have many similarities, among other things that we pray now and then publicly when others listen, when we walk in the streets or are with friends. That is, not as the fundamentalists, but like all holy men and women of God have done, talking loud to ourselves, conscious of the fact that God and the angels listen to what we say. It's the classical form of prayer among saints and holy fools. If you hear Carl do this, do not think he is mad, remember what I said here, and that I do it myself, very often, especially in crises.

Carl has also been homeless, living on the streets, for a period, which marked his being for good. He has said to me that he "learned the street" during that time. He survived, and got a flat at last, where I have been a guest once, together with my ex-girlfriend Titti. Carl knows how difficult it is to be homeless today, and have tried to help me.

I and Carl speak with each other almost in a trance way, the one often being uncertain what the other means, but yet continuing to speak with each other, interpreting each other with the help of the Holy Spirit. We speek so deep things, the secrets of the heart. Carl is such a deep thinker that you have to be really alert to be able to have a philosophical conversation with him. Almost all he says to me could be some deep aphorism in a book.

Once Carl will get his confirmation as a poet and philosopher, getting his name into the history books of the earth (the New Earth), and that will be a happy day for me, indeed. So much I love Calle Uhnbom.

Andris Fågelviskare Hansen

I have several times on my blogs written about Andris Fågelviskare (english: Andris the Bird Whisperer) for example two blogposts here. But some additional facts are needed.

Andris is the most wellknown of my "disciples". And then I mean in media and by the establishment. He has gained popularity through his ability, trained in a hermit life in the forests, to imitate 120 birds in how they sing (hear it here), through whistling (vissla). I fell in platonic love with Andris in the spring 2017 because of this ability and because he had lived so much in the forest and was homeless like me. It felt to me like he had been adopted by the birds, just like I had been adopted by the dogs. Especially I liked when Andris said that he, when he imitates birds, can "feel the bird body in himself". I feel exactly the same when I speak with animals (yes, I can speak with animals!).

But I have never gotten my love answered. Maybe I didn't have enough status, although I could speak dog language at least as skillfully as he could speak bird language. But this is a wellknown feature of famous people: they soon become too occupied with status and fame. Andris has

also said to me that he wants to become famous, a celebrity. I have never really wanted that, and have usually avoided interviews for media. This is a big difference between me and Andris, yes between Jesus and Andris, too.

Andris is a part of the hippie part of the New Age-movement. And among hippies, he belongs to the anarchoprimitivist branch of the movement, just like me, being much with the anarchoprimitivists in Järna, the Jerusalem of the New Age-movement. So he is a pretty serious hippie, not a typical bullshit crap-type of hippie (flummare). He has for example never tried drugs, which is a miracle for a hippie.

Andris is the "disciple" of mine who maybe in spirit stands farthest away from me, who maybe least of all want to be called my disciple because of the status problem, I'm considered as mad. We have not socialized very much, either. But nonetheless the outward similarities between us are remarkable. Maybe I am a litttle his disciple, too.

We are similar for example in the way that we both feel the city life and the city people to be crazy. We have both spent too much time in the forests.

I do not need to write a longer text about Andris, because so much has been told about him in public and on the internet. Just search for his name on google and youtube, and you will find much. He has shown his talents with the bird song imitations in television and on youtube, for

example. It's fabulous. I have called Andris "the son of the bird", or the "the son of the bird down (fågeldun)". He is such a remarkable phenomenon that he could easily become world famous, a little like Greta Thunberg.

Ari Viklund

Ari get to crown my presentation series, and he is also a more wellknown figure among my "disciples", running a wellknown New Age internet site for a long time, writing there much together with others, but has retired from the project a longer time ago.

Ari is, together with Carl Uhnbom, my closest soulmate in Stockholm. He is very good poet and an environmental activist with a love for Mother Earth that I have seldom seen in anybody. He always talk about the "womb of Mother Earth" as the fountain of life for all creatures on earth, and has a very deep interest in indigenous people, an interest that began in his childhood, and he has told me that in his childhood he got the idea of always testing a truth through "sifting it through the sift of Amazon". He has done so all his life, and has come far on the spiritual way.

Ari is a retired vagabond who is too bodily sick now to be able to vagabond. But he loves his vagabond, homeless life so much, that he can barely accept a pension, although he is in his retirement years. He has trouble with adapting to the System so he can get the benefits of the welfare society. I have begged him to be kind against

himself and adapt to some degree. Fortunately he has gotten a girlfriend in Stockholm, an environmental activist too, who lets him live in her flat, a little like my ex-girlfriend Titti Spaltro let me live in her flat. I'm thankful for that, I love Ari so much, and I know the struggles of the homeless life.

Every Thursday at 11.00 AM, Ari and some other of his friends demonstrate at the bridge close to the parliament house in Stockholm, putting up all kinds of banners on the railing, banners for the rights of nature and the indigenous people, especially the Sami people and the Sami nature. This they have done together faithfully for many, many years, always every Thursday. They don't give up, and they make more and more banners, and more and more beautiful such (their banners are all art-work done with much love). Ari has been one of the pillars in this project, and he is often distributing flyers and talking with people who are passing by, and you can notice that he has become very good at this art. I have been helping them a little with this, but I was too much a filthy wildman, too strange, for some in this group (not Ari) to tolerate that I was with them and helped them. They felt I disturbed their image (remember that the parliament building is very close!). Ari was sad over this, but could not hinder it, and I had to retire.

I first met Ari at a camp in the Stockholmian branch of the Occupy movement, a movement he is still a big fan of. It was in 2011, in the autumn, and I had "chronic", heavy anxiety, the one that lasted for at least a month. I told Ari that I felt like I lived in hell, that Stockholm was

hell, and Ari exhorted me to change my thinking, that I could be healed from the anxiety by changing my way of thinking, just in one moment. It didn't help then, but it was a courageous effort to heal me, at least. For me it reminded too much of the New Age type of "positive thinking" gospel, that you can just think yourself out of every problem. I do not know if Ari had that type of spirituality then, but certainly he has made great progress in his spirit since then. He has left some of his New Age beliefs since then.

As an author on the internet Ari has been a sort of doomsday prophet, who has preached that the end is very near, the time of total transformation of the planet and humanity, when all prophecies will be fulfilled. He has preached that gospel with a passion and enthusiasm I have seldom seen in any doomsday prophet.

One of the strange things with Ari is that he has, although he is a vagabond and homeless now, once been a pretty wealthy family father living in a villa in the outskirts of Stockholm, and has worked as a psychiatric nurse. It's strange, because he is one of my closest soulmates in Stockholm, and the Satan in my life, "demon-Marko", is also a psychiatric nurse, and these kinds of people have often been those who have damaged me most, both my body and my soul. God's ways are strange, and Ari has been one of those good psychiatric nurses who have infiltrated the System with love. He has never done a death sin, which many psychiatric nurses have done, i.e. blasphemed the Holy Spirit. Not to do that in psychiatry, you have to be incredibly wise and astute (slug), and Ari

is very gifted and smart, both intellectually and emotionally. We can be thankful that there are some heavenly infiltrators in the cold, evil psychiatric world.

My spiritual mother Maria Suutala

Which contemporary figure I am a disciple of then? There are several, but the most important is one of my spiritual mothers (I have two, Antonie Frank Grahamsdaughter is the second), the pretty wellknown Finnish historian of ideas and ecotheologian Maria Suutala. I have written a Wikipedia-article about her and got it accepted, and that little text may be enough about her for now (I have also written a review on one of her books, here). Perhaps I will some day write a whole article only about her. But now I wanted to present my own disciples.

More people I could have written about

I want to limit my presentation list of candidates to being my disciples to 14 persons, but there are others out there I could have written about, but I won't do it now, maybe some other time in another circumstances, like I have presented friends and blogreaders on my Wildman-blog once. These people include:

Miguel Robaina

Arja Larsen (my uncle Arve Larsen's wife)

Renate Hansen

Jocke Lindqvist

Rolf of Stockholm who always call me "nature's messiah" when we meet

Fredrik Vesterberg, bishop of the Amorist Church of Stockholm ("Amoristerna")

Halvor Ottosen

Salme Haapanen-Peltonen (my ex-girlfriend in Turku)

Jonne (the anarchist troubadour from Turku)

Mathias Gustafsson

Lars-Gunnar Olsson

Susanna Åkerman

Jukka-Pekka ("Jukkis") Sipponen

Pekka Pitkäjärvi